

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



WHAT A MESS!

With acknowledgments to the New York "War Cry."

The only way out of it: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—I John 1:9.

928



inner like me

ELL BOOTH General

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, John 12: 1-11.—"The house was filled with the odour of the ointment." And the fragrance is with us now. Many have drawn what a blessing to the world her gift would be. Some lives poured out for Christ have blessed many, though at first it seemed as if only "the house"—my circle where they lived—"was filled with the odour." But the rare perfume of a selfless life waited, in ever widening circles, has blessed and refreshed thousands.

Monday, John 12: 22-23.—"We would see Jesus." But Philip and Andrew are Greek names. The Greeks probably came to Philip feeling sure of sympathy and understanding. Much depends on our attitude and manner towards strangers. People naturally expect a great deal from us as Salvationists. Let us see to it that our manner and spirit are such that those who desire to "see Jesus" will be encouraged to seek guidance and help from us.

Tuesday, John 12: 25-26.—"Walk while ye have the light." Many regret that darkness has come to them because of disobedience. God showed them the path. He wanted them to walk in, but they chose what seemed an easier way, and it has brought them sorrow. If this is so with you, turn and follow the light today. Continue to walk in it, and your path will grow brighter as the days go by.

Wednesday, John 12: 27-34.—"They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." The praise of men is changeable and short-lived, but the praise of God abides for ever. Though they were well-educated, intelligent men, leaders among the Jews, they were short-sighted and lacked moral courage. Had they only had the way, multitudes would have gladly followed them for many weak characters will do that if they face a crowd, brave men will not.

Thursday, Job 1: 1-5.—"Then answered Zophar." Zophar is thought to have been the pious friend of Job's friends because he waited in silence till the others had spoken. He shared the common idea of his time that affliction is caused by sin. Therefore he accused Job and could not be comforted because he was in trouble. Zophar felt that human speakers and their message were useless. "Oh, that God would speak,"—then all would be made clear.

Friday, Job 11: 12-13.—"Prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands toward Him." To an Eastern mind, stretched hands express prayer and praise, and the human need of Divine help. There are times when we cannot pray anything, yet heart-prayers may be deepest and truest when unexpressed. With most of us, however, is not the chief prayer difficulty that we neglect to prepare our hearts for intercourse with God?

Saturday, Job 12: 1-13.—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job was sarcastic with his friends for their misunderstanding his agony and failed to bring any comfort to his heart. Do not let us misjudge him, for till we have been in similar circumstances we cannot understand the bitterness of his grief. In seeking to comfort others, remember that words often aggravate their misery, whilst prayerful, silent sympathy may bring them relief.

I WONDER

By Elizabeth Clarke Hardy
I wonder much if Nature used to fret
About the children's clothing and the
food.
And was it sometimes hard for her to get
Enough to satisfy her hungry brood?
And did the little Christ-child have to
wear
Old clothes and broken shoes, and did
he shrink
As my boy does when other children stare,
And did it sometimes hurt him, do you
think?
His father was a carpenter, and so
When work was scarce, or people did
I know,
It must have made hard times for them,
so,
Just as it makes hard times for us today,
And so I wonder, knowing as he does
The stress of poverty, the strain and
smart
Of toil for children's clothing, food, and
shoes,
It does not sometimes almost break his
heart.

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL DO HIM SERVICE"

A New Year's Eve Reverie

IT was late on New Year's Eve, and I was sitting alone by the fire thinking of the mercies and blessings of the past year.

A big wave of regret passed over me as I remembered my uselessness. In health had forced open my reluctant hands, on almost every bit of work had fallen out of them. A great longing possessed me for the Life Above where I could serve the Master with perfect peace, mental and spiritual powers. And my heart cried out, "Lord, let me go now. I am so tired of this inaction."

In a flash the Angel of God, charged of the appointments, seemed to stand before me.

"O Angel," I cried, "what work have you for me to do? Now I shall be able to give perfect service to the King. On earth I was so conscious of my limitations, and my best work fell far below what any of my comrades could do for Him. For years I have lived in the comfort of the promise, 'His servants shall do His service,' and they shall see His face." Responding to my cry, R.V., and now at last it will be fulfilled."

Training Too Severe?

The Angel looked sad. "We had planned some really important work for you," he said, "but you complained that the training was too severe for one of your temperament so you refused to take it."

"I have something else for you to do. It is so valuable to us as was our first choice for you, but you are not fit for the other. Do this faithfully, and you will prepare yourself as you might have done on earth for the greater opportunity."

"I know it was hard for you to be inactive—being instead of doing—was always difficult for you, but the training was exactly what you needed to be of real service to us here."

Preparation for Higher Service

"If only you mortals would understand that life on earth is just a preparation for the Life Beyond, then you would accept sorrow or ill health, or unpleasant work, or unemotional comrades, or a place behind the scenes, unacknowledged by men, and a thousand other things by which God seeks to train and prepare you for heavenly responsibility. If you would do this He could give you important work directly you set free, instead of having to put you into something smaller—the only service for which you are fit through your lack of experience."

"But can't I go back, and finish the training?" "No," I heard.

The Angel smiled. "It won't be easy," he said, "but let patience have her perfect work."

So now when the longing for life and work in the Other World comes rushing over me I say, "Have Thy way, Lord; have Thy way," and I am kept peaceful and at rest.

BEFORE THE OLD YEAR ENDS

Decide for Christ and Salvation

TO REMAIN unsaved means that you here and now, quite apart from what may happen after death, choose failure, unhappiness and conscious wrong instead of success, joy and conscious right.

To remain unsaved, above all else, means that you refuse God's plea for you, that you reject your Saviour Who died for you, and that you willfully range yourself on the side of the devil and all who strive to overthrow the Kingdom of Heaven and make the whole universe a Hell.

To remain unsaved means that you not only lose your own soul, but that others, influenced by your example, or left in ignorance by the lack of your proclamation of the way of Salvation, will be lost with you.

Just think for a few moments of the momentous issues at stake, and the tremendous responsibility which rests upon you in this matter—and decide at once for Christ.

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

By "J.R.W."

WHILE on our way to the Meeting on Sunday afternoon we chatted across an acquaintance on his way to hear a prominent lecturer give his views on the above subject. Our friend had "taken in" two or three lectures during the week and proceeded to pass on his enlightenment. Information to us during our journey, per street car to the Citadel.

We listened courteously, and said little, but today, still thinking over what we had heard, we went to our treasured "Scrap-book," and, strange to say, it was not long before it disclosed something that indeed gladdened our hearts.

It is Alfred Noyes, in his epic poem, "Watchers of the Sky," who makes Kepler say:

Even your atheist builds his doubt
On that strange faith: destroys his
Heaven and God.
In absolute faith that his own thought
is true
To law, God's lantern to our stumbling
feet;
And so, despite himself, he worships
God.
For where true souls are, there are God
and heaven.
And yet . . . to hear
Those wittols talk, you'd think you'd
but to mix
A bushel of good, Greek letters in a
sack
And shake them roundly for an age or
so.

To pour the Odyssey out. At last I told
those disputants what my wife
had said, one night.
When I was tired, and all my mind
a-dust,
With pondering on their atoms. I
was called

To supper, and she placed before me
there
A most delicious salad. "It would
appear,"

I thought aloud, "that if these pewter
dishes,
Green hearts of lettuce, tarragon, slips
of thyme,
Slices of hard-boiled egg, and grains
of salt,
With drops of water, vinegar and oil
Had in a bottomless gulf been flying
about
From all eternity, one sure, certain day
That sweet, invisible hand of Happy
Chance
Would serve them as a salad, "Likely
enough."

My wife replied, "but not as good as
mine!"

There it is! My readers, if man's
intelligence can do so much, range so far,
must not that out of which he has come
be at least great enough to account for
his thought?

Is it not more credible to hold that all
the wonder of this universe of law, all
the beauty of it, the truth, and goodness,
and with it, all the dirt and slime and
scum, account for its presence as we may,
come out of something like our thought
and intelligence, our will and freedom,
our love and vision, than that all the
charm and loveliness, and, to us, the
vivid reality of the personal, come by a
sort of magic good luck, out of a "blind
man's bluff" of mechanical forces?

I wonder if our great lecturer really
believed that the mind of Shakespeare
the soul of Abraham Lincoln, the music of
Beethoven, the sweet spirit of Jesus—
were just the by-products of the working
of chemical and physical forces? I
rather think not!



Redeeming the Time

"REDEEMING the time." What a responsibility! What are we doing with our time, our spare hours? Do we invest it for God or use it for selfish pursuits that don't count? Somehow we seem to have time for everything else in the world, time to eat and time to sleep, time to shop and time to talk, time for the newspaper and time for our visitors, time for pleasure and time for work, but no time for God!

Do we spend our time entertaining our friends, providing expensive dinner parties and while away the hours in idle talk? Or do we live as pilgrims and act like supernumeraries? Are we different from the world? Are the precious hours given to conversation about Himself, and the interests of the Kingdom? Thus will it be when the Holy Spirit comes. Let us stop, and begin right now to practise what we think.

"All my days, and all my hours,
All my will, and all my powers,
Shall be Thine, dear Lord."

No Prayer in Her Pillow

ONE night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would. "I am not coming to pray tonight," said Lillian, when she was ready for bed.

"Why, Lillian?" exclaimed Amy, with round eyes of astonishment. "I don't care! I am not going to. There isn't any use." So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed.

There was a long silence, then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vicious thump, and saying crossly, "I wonder what is the matter with that pillow?" Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed. "I think it's because there isn't any prayer in it!"

A few minutes more of restlessness, then Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two girls slept. Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?

It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel

Don't you be one of the two. A furious man unanswered is well answered. Nothing angers a wild and angry man so much as refusing to be angry with him. A still tongue at such times as these, makes a wise head and a still kinder, warmer heart.

Staring down hard on an inverted tin-tack is pleasant compared to quarrelling with a raging, furious man. Give him a wide berth. If he's dead set on strife, leave him to squabble with himself; the fire will soon fizzle out.

Some men love a big row, and some women love a hot contention. We've heard of some who've quarrelled with their own shadows. Then surely their case is hopeless. The beginning of strife is as when one leeteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with; in other words, leave off before you begin.

A little girl who had just been saved said Jesus was her heart. And when questioned as to what she would do if Satan knocked at the door, responded by saying: "Why, I would send Jesus to the door." She had the secret all right.



Lt.-Commissioner Territorial C.

WHILE it is a . . . the horizon to operations, it is well a for the purpose of "footprints on the snow" so doing, doubtless, inspired and profited. It may not be ill we make mention, in the good offices of the it is one of the severe White Winged Messengers events as they come over the pages of the v to all intents and provides a means of and instructive hour. our readers who have their copies weekly.

Not properly beho and yet exercising a succeeding events it tale with the end of Territorial Training C up-to-date building Chief of the Staff is then, in addition to young men and vol tensive training with roomy Auditorium of notable gathering year.

The Great The opening mont the clash of arms, the tion hosts and the c for the Army of the Crusade was on! Led by the Com Rich, and leading attack was opened of a Day of Interest Crusade gathered in days rolled on. A issues devoted alth news of the confli story in detail, and far-off outposts rej won.

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Reference must a



New Hall open

Seek Ye First The Kingdom Of GOD

True Worth

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

—Matthew 5, 5.

A CITY lad, visiting on a farm for the first time, saw a field of ripening wheat. He noticed that some of the yellowish stems stood up tall and straight while others gracefully bent their heads. "Those stalks that stand up so tall and straight must be the best," he remarked to the farm lad who was his companion. "They look as if they were proud of what they are doing."

The country boy laughed. "That's because you don't know much about wheat," he explained. He plucked a head of each, and rubbing them in his hands showed that the tall, straight stalks held very little grain, while the bending heads were filled with the promise of a rich and bountiful harvest.

Men and women of rich attainment and ability are usually modest and unassuming, while the empty-headed people all too often feverishly lift themselves above the crowd as if afraid they may not receive the attention they think they deserve. One of the surest evidences of true greatness is a humble spirit.

"I Have No Other Plans"

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—Proverbs 29, 18.

AN OLD legend tells of a visit which the angels paid to the Saviour after He had returned to the Father. They were most interested in His mission to the earth, and their hearts were torn as He told them of the indifference and cruelty of its inhabitants.

When He had finished the tale of His sufferings the angels said to Him:

"But who is to carry on the work You began at so great a cost?"

"There is John," said the Saviour. "and Peter and James."

"But what if they should fail?"

"Then there is Paul and Barnabas and Matthew," was the confident reply.

"But what if all those who called themselves your disciples were to prove unfaithful?" cried the angels in their anxiety. "What would You do then?"

The Saviour looked at His angels for a moment, and then, shaking His head, whispered slowly:

"I have no other plans! If My people fail Me I have no other plans!"

Our Lord has no hands but our hands to serve and save the world, no other eyes but ours to see the people's needs. If our vision faileth, then they will perish.

Getting at the Root

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me"—Exodus xx, 3.

One of my Soldiers, says an American Officer, who used to be an inveterate smoker, told me how he gave up the indulgence of tobacco. He tried to free himself of the habit, but the craving was too much for him. He went to the Captain and asked if there was anything in the Bible that would help him to get the best of his appetite. The Captain pointed out several verses that he thought would help him.

A week later the Soldier came back and said, "It is no use, Captain; I have done my best, and I can't quit!" The Captain looked him in the eye, and said, "When you love Jesus more than you love the tobacco then you will cease using it." The remark went straight home, and he sought and found the blessing of a clean heart and the appetite was gone without any conscious effort on his part. He had been putting tobacco before God.

This comrade was making a mistake common to many who desire to be over-comers. He lopped off the fruit of evil, but that left room for it to grow again. As soon as evil was uprooted the fruit of it naturally disappeared.

Sowing the Seed by the Wayside Bare

By Lt.- Colonel Winehell, U.S.A.

My casual meeting with a representative of a great News-Service Agency in New York some little time ago impressed upon my mind afresh not only the opportunity which existed, but the urgent, life or death necessity of being "instant in season and out of season."

Late one evening, I called upon Pat Crowe, the famous kidnaper and train-robbler—now converted—who was then watchman by The Salvation Army Hut at Union Square, New York City. The purpose of my call was to invite Pat to attend one of my Meetings that evening.

While I was talking to Pat a knock at the door admitted a young man, less than twenty-five years of age. He was alert and active, a typical newspaper man. He had come to get a "story" from Pat Crowe, for that very day young Mr. Cudahay (son of one of the six great meat-packers of America), whom Pat had kidnapped twenty-five years ago, and for whose release Pat obtained 25,000 dollars ransom from his father, has just arrived in New York with his young bride.

Never Prayed in His Life!

During the interview with Pat Crowe the young man gave utterance to an expression that suggested an unclean thought. Then I spoke up: "My friend, you appear to me as being a bright young fellow with life before you. You cannot afford to blight your future with a corrupt mind. Why not pray to God to keep you?"

Here Pat joined in and said: "Yes, friend, the Salvationist is right. I have only a horrible pit behind me from which I have escaped, and all I can do is to thank God; but you yet have life before you to make, and you ought to pray for your soul. The Brigadier here is great on prayer. He has prayed here with me before."

"I never prayed in my life that I can remember," replied the reporter in rather a boastful mood.

There and then I dropped on my knees and said to him, "Well it is time to begin, so get down on your knees while I pray with you."

"I'll do no such thing. I never liked the idea of prayer."

"Well, try it now and forget your pride and the love of sin. Get down now and look right up to God in dead earnest for your soul; it may be the last chance you will ever have." I afterwards found I spoke more truly than I then knew.

"Well, Brigadier," responded the reporter, "I'll be game and get on my knees for the first time." So he knelt.

My prayer was something like this: "O Lord, here is a young man whom Thou dost want to help. Thou hast endowed him with great talents. He has ability to study situations and write stories that command world-wide attention. Thou hast not given him these blessings for naught. He ought to dedicate his life for Thy glory and for Thy work. O Lord, make him think it over. May he from this day begin to live his life for Jesus Christ who died for him—whether he lives many years or only a few days. May he centre his mind upon things eternal. Lord save him before it is too late."

When we three arose from our knees I saw he was affected; tears were in his eyes. He came over and took me by the hand and said, "Thank you, Brigadier. This prayer of yours is the greatest thing that ever came into my life."

His Last Chance!

The very next morning this newspaper man was sent to Albany, detailed to write up the casting of a certain Socialist assembly man. The following day he was stricken with pneumonia. He only lived for four days.

Do you not think that during those four days—aware as he was that he would soon be ushered into the eternal world—the prayer we offered less than a week before in the Salvation Army Hut on Union Square would help him to the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world? What if I had failed to seize the opportunity, apparently so casual, which presented itself to me of dealing with this young man?

Waiting to be Filled

"The River of God that is full of water."—Psalm 65, 9.

I WAS standing on the wall of a great lock. Outside was a huge lake—used about to enter. At my feet lay the empty lock—waiting. For what? Waiting to be filled. Away beyond lay Great Lake Superior, with its limitless grand and supply, also waiting. Waiting for what? Waiting for something to be done at the lock ere the great lake could pour its fullness.

In a moment it was done. The lock-keeper reached out his hand and pushed a steel lever. A little wicket gate swung open under the magic touch. At once the water in the lock began to boil and seethe. As it seethed I saw it rapidly creep up the walls of the lock. In a few moments the lock was full. The great gates swung open and the huge ship floated into the lock now filled to the brim with the fullness poured from the waiting lake without.

Do you remember the wonderful words of Isaiah, when he said: "The glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. . . . He will save us! And then he gives on to say, 'The people that dwell in Zion shall be forgiven their iniquity.' 'The River of God is full of water.'"

Not an Insurance—a Conquest

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6, 2.

WE must not expect that we shall escape the conditions of life in the world in which God has placed all the children of His family. To expect to escape is to fly to a shelter which will cave in on us, or it will be what Jesus called building on the sand so that the storm will bring the house down.

We may expect that because of our relationship with God we shall be made strong to endure and invincible in faith, and that where other men experience disaster we shall be able to take an attitude to everything that we shall bend it to God's purposes which are purposes concerned, not with our financial well-being or even our bodies, but our souls.

To do this is to find a new meaning and purpose in every happening of life. It is to build on a rock, a rock which of the powers of hell are impotent to move. Jesus doesn't say, "If you follow Me, life will be crowned with a wreath of roses." He indicates quite clearly that most probably it will be crowned with thorns.

Religion is not dope, nor insurance, nor escape. It is conquest, because man is placed in touch with such amazing resources that whatever happens nothing can conquer his spirit. Jesus does not promise you shall escape the waters. He says, "Whenever you pass through them I shall be there too."

The Spirit to Catch

"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—Romans 12, 11.

A member of a church once said to me with an expression of satisfaction on his face, "I took my two little girls to hear the Captain; she is so in earnest that I want them to catch her spirit."

After some Meetings in a country town, while waiting on the railway platform for a train, there came up a man a little the worse for drink. He had been in the Meeting the previous night, and an arrow had got into his conscience. After looking into some of the verses, evidently in search of some one, he addressed himself to a group of Officers, and said, "I want to see the man who led the Meeting last night. I liked that fellow 'cause he put his blooming heart into it."

A MAN CAN LIVE A CLEAN LIFE

The Spirit to Catch

Giving the Lie to the Devil's suggestion.



IT SEEMS to us a place where the deserve the name of it is at the history Maelred, where, so they have erected a up to date in many and already dedicated of anti-saving—out taken from an old situated on the railways right-of-way donated by the C.N.

It reminds us still time prophecy of A people of his day fallen down, but we stones; that which so to speak, and temporary character in favor of some splendidly durable operation, in other Salvation.

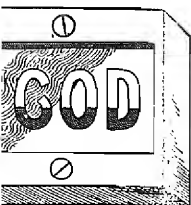
Naturally there ment among the of Maelred when it Staff-Captain Steele by illness from attend set apart for of the new Hall; enthusiastic substitut in the person of C. of Lethbridge, who have, conducted the ings, and greeted J. W. McDonald, I to declare the build A descriptive r Maelred "Times at the local soldiery



Captain R. Lesho-Thierstein

Brigadier Smith

We welcomed our under, Brigadier said he expected now, came Brigadier's personality won for him parts of the people Meetings a re The Christmas ended with a banquet, when the Banquet program from the results there was a success. V that Christmas c blessed of God. Sunday last a British and Foreign an interesting an which was heard a good crowd of p Sickness is rather Soldiers at the pre good hand of G Sister Fletcher has trying period, but continues to bless



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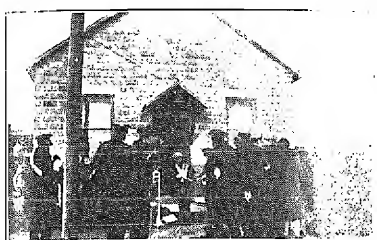
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The Opening Ceremony.

IT SEEMS to us that if ever there is a
place where the people of this Army
deserve the name of The Salvation Army
it is at the historic western centre of
Macleod, where, so we have just heard,
they have erected a real Army Citadel—
up to date in many of its appointments,
and already dedicated to the purpose
of soul-saving—out of cement blocks
taken from an old building which was
situated on the Canadian National
Railways right-of-way, and which was
donated by the C.N.R.

It reminds us straightway of the old-
time prophecy of Amos who said of the
people of his day that "the bricks are
fallen down, but we will build with heven
stones"; that which we thought to use,
so to speak, and which was but of a
temporary character, is to be discarded
in favor of something which shall be
splendidly durable. Truly, a salvage
operation, in other words, an act of
Salvation.

Naturally there was keen disappoint-
ment among the enterprising comrades
of Macleod when it became known that
Staff-Captain Steele would be prevented
by illness from attending for the week-
end set apart for the opening Meetings
of the new Hall; but a thoroughly en-
thusiastic substitute had been provided
in the person of Captain Kenneth King,
of Lethbridge, who, as to the manner
born, conducted the Dedicatory Gather-
ings, and greeted His Worship Mayor
J. W. McDonald, K.C. when he arrived
to declare the building open.

A descriptive report given by the
Macleod "Times and News" shows that
the local soldiery and Officers entered



Captain R. Leshner and Lieutenant M. Thierstein of Macleod.

Brigadier Smith at Moose Jaw

We welcomed our new Divisional Com-
mander, Brigadier Smith recently, and as
could be expected we had a hallohigh-
time. The Brigadier's breezy talks, his
happy personality and happy Salvation-
ism won for him a warm place in the
hearts of the people, and made our week-
end Meetings a real success.

The Christmas "War Cry" Campaign
opened with a bang on Wednesday night
last, when the Band excelled itself in a
musical programme over CJRM. Judging
from the results the programme certainly
was a success. We are glad to report
that Christmas carolling has also been
blessed of God.

Sunday last a representative of the
British and Foreign Bible Society gave
an interesting and informative lecture,
which was heard with much enjoyment by
a good crowd of people.

Sickness is rather prevalent among the
Soldiers at the present time, although the
good hand of God is upon each one.
Sister Fletcher has been in hospital for a
trying period, but is improving. God still
continues to bless us.—"Rex"

In Historic Macleod

OPENING OF NEW HALL MARKS NEW ERA IN LIFE
OF OLD ESTABLISHED CORPS

and heartily in-
to the Meetings,
and that a time
of real Salvation
fraternity existed.
Bandmaster
praised the prayer of
dedication, and
every word he
uttered gave evi-
dence of the faith
with which he and
his comrades had
come up to this
day. Captain King
read the Scrip-
ture, which was
taken from those
wonderful verses
which tell of the
glories of the Hebrews when they
came up to the dedication of the
House of God.

Major McDonald cheered all by his
very earnest knowledge of the widespread
influence of The Army, and by his no
less ready testimony to the good work
being done in the town by our local forces.
That this work is fully recognized is also
emphasized by the fact that the site upon
which the Hall has been erected was
donated to The Army by the town au-
thorities of Macleod.

Captain King's subsequent address, in
which he congratulated the local com-
rades on this fine piece of their faith and
hard work, was in his own happy, breezy
manner, and, of course, interspersed
with those spiritual asides which are as
life itself to him. In all that the Captain
did he was heartily supported by several

comrades from Lethbridge, and twelve
bandmen who had journeyed over with
him to add their musical efforts to all the
rest of the doings of the day.

Bandmaster Davey, to whom we are
indebted for much of the above informa-
tion, tells us that each Meeting was a
time of great blessing, and that the whole
was crowned by two souls coming to the
Saviour.

Who shall say that the day of glory has
departed from historic Macleod? Its
name is written large across the history
of these Western Lands; there have been
great and stirring happenings enacted
thereabouts; the pioneers made it a place
of safety and strength; a famous town
is Macleod for those who have read the
story of early days on plains, and of the
deeds of daring performed by the gallant
riders of Royal North West Mounted.

But, be it said with much faith, that the
building which has arisen in such a
phenix-like fashion, and is now a place
for the seeking and finding of the mercy of
God, shall add another chapter to the
glories of old Macleod. As her citizens
listen again and again to the message of
salvation which our comrades will resound
around its streets, and as they lift their
eyes to the distant hills, may they re-
member Him of whom the people of old-
time said:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help. The Lord
shall preserve thy going out and thy
coming in from this time forth, and even
for evermore."

TERRITORIAL TABLE TALK

Winnipeg, December 20th

And here is where the Editor and his
colleagues wish you a very happy New
Year; happy in the service of God and
The Army.

We had an idea the other day that we
would like to know how many soldiers
had been reported in the "War Cry"
for the year throughout the Territory,
and to the glory of God we set it down
that our pages have recorded 4,324 as
knocking at the Penitent-Form of The
Army in Canada West during 1928. For
these, and the many who have not been
reported, we bless the Name of the Lord.

It was hoped that Colonel Barr, en
route for London, would be able to take
part in a Rally at Winnipeg Citadel last
night, but he hastens on Tor-
onto roads, and who shall blame him.

It is hoped that Colonel Sims has his first
—a trip—visit to Fort William, and
Fort Arthur M.S.W. Institutions as Terri-
torial Social Secretary; and during his
Holiday Meeting in Port Arthur, one soul
sought salvation.

The weekly "Dinner-Hour" Meetings
at the Western Winnipeg C.P.R. shop
are becoming a more and more definite
feature. Lt. Colonel Sims was a welcome
speaker there recently, and last week
John Carter was the leader.

Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Joy were even-
ing visitors at Kildonan the other
Sunday; Mrs. Joy's talk and the Col-
onel's impromptu music and singing
were greatly appreciated.

A welcome visitor to the Territorial
Centre during the last few days has been
Lt. Colonel Macleod, fresh from his
conquering triumphs in the States,
where he has met with abounding kind-
ness and salvation good.

Mrs. Lt. Colonel Sims performed a
very pleasing little duty at North Win-
nipeg a few days ago, opening the Home
League Sale of Work.

All hail to Walter Wallace Bellamy,
latest member of the "O.K." Cradle Roll.
Mother and son are doing well, and there
is great jubilation accordingly.

Adjutant Stewart of Edmonton, and
Adjutant Waterston of Calgary, two
Men's Social Officers be it noted, were
quick to take advantage of the newly
inaugurated air-mail to send their greet-
ings to the Commissioner.

The latest recruits for service in other
lands are Adjutant and Mrs. Norberg,
of Gleichen; who leave us shortly for
Panama. The blessing of God and the
good will of their comrades are surely
their portion.

Captain Henrietta Lyons, recently at
Winnipeg Grace Hospital has taken com-
mand at Nelson, B.C.

We are sorry to hear of the necessity
for Captain Reed's continued stay at
home; we trust that her health will soon
improve sufficiently to enable her to
return to duty. In the meantime Lieut-
enant Gordon is making a gallant stand
at Fort Rouge.

To "A.E.T." of Victoria, B.C., faith-
ful correspondent indeed, is the honor of
sending us the first Corps report for
air-mail. Who ever dared to say that
Victoria was behind the times?

We hear that Envoy (Dad) Peacock
has been revelling in a Christmas "Cry"
selling campaign, and has disposed of
over two hundred copies; not bad for an
octogenarian. His testimony is as definite
as ever.

By the way, a third edition of the
Christmas "War Cry" has been called for
to meet the demand for extra orders; we
certainly have put one over this year,
and here's our hearty thanks to all who
have contributed to this successful cam-
paign.

A certain gentleman of color informed
his mother, who had enquired the name of
his twins: "Well, suh, the first Ah named
Adagio Allegro, an' Ah'm gonna call the
second one Encore." "I know you're
musical, Rastus," said his master, "but
why call the second one Encore?" "Well,
Colonel, suh," replied Rastus, "you see
he wasn't on the programme at all!"



Mayor J. W. McDonald K.C.

The Field Secretary at Brandon

Our comrades at Brandon were pleased
to have with them for a Campaign on
Sunday last, Lt. Colonel Peacock, the
Field Secretary. Staff-Captain Weeks of
the Immigration Department, accompan-
ied the Colonel to the Wheat City and
rendered excellent assistance in the
Meetings as well as conducting a service
for the prisoners in the jail on Sunday
afternoon.

A hearty welcome was extended the
visitors in the Sunday morning Holiness
Meeting and a season of spiritual refresh-
ing ensued, the Colonel's message being
greatly enjoyed as was also the Staff-
Captain's helpful testimony.

The Colonel was much pleased and
impressed with the splendidly organized
and conducted Young People's Company-
Meeting which he visited in the after-
noon, and congratulated Y.P.S.M. Beu-
lah Hoddinott and her staff of Workers
accordingly. The Colonel availed him-
self of the opportunity of a heart-to-heart
chat with the Young People, held a
session with the Workers, and did not
forget to make the acquaintance of the
Primary Company little ones.

At night, the Colonel led a stirring
Salvation Meeting in the Citadel when
the love and power of God's Salvation
might was set forth clearly and with
power. The Male Voice Party sang with
their usual sweetness and the Songster
Brigade and Band were well up to par in
providing a harmonious setting to the
great Salvation theme.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey, the
Corps Officers, and the Brandon comrades
gave ready and willing assistance to the
Colonel during the day and gave him a
hearty invitation to return at an early
date.

The Soldiers' A. B. C.

Neepawa (Captain and Mrs. McInnes).
Since the arrival of our new Officers
twelve seekers for Salvation have knelt
at the Mercy-Seat. On Corps Cadet
Sunday three boys sought the Saviour.
Our Thursday night Meetings are be-
coming very popular. Each Soldier is
conducting a Meeting, in turn, and also
using, in turn, and in alphabetical order,
a letter of the alphabet with which to
commence their subject. This system is
proving most satisfactory and interesting.
—C.C.B.

Mother, Son and Daughter

Regina Citadel (Adjutant Reader and
Captain McDowell). Last Sunday, after
a stirring address in the Holiness Meeting
delivered by Adjutant Reader, a mother,
with her son and daughter, sought
Salvation at the Mercy-Seat. Hallelujah!
In the Free and Easy Meeting, just as
we were about to commence the testimony
period a sister who has been a backslider,
came voluntarily to the Penitent-Form,
and there came back to the Fold. There
was a splendid crowd in the Salvation
Meeting, when a number of recent con-
verts testified to the saving and keeping
power of God. Staff-Captain Bourne
spoke, after which the Adjutant's address
was a blessing to many. Before the close
of the Meeting we had the joy of seeing
one dear man give himself to the Saviour.
W.G.W.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be
addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy,
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The
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GENERAL ORDER

The Y. P. Annual will be observed
throughout the Territory from Saturday
to Sunday, February 16-17. Corps Officers
will please arrange accordingly. Divisional
Commanders are responsible for
issuing instructions and suggestions to
Officers under their direction.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:

BE ENSIGN:

Captain Elsie Stannell, Edmonton D.H.Q.

Captain Alfred Walker, Winnipeg Men's Social
Department.

APPOINTMENTS:

Captain Henrietta Lyons, from Grace Hospital,
Winnipeg, to Nelson, B.C.

Captain Gladys Poole, from Furlough to Grace
Hospital, Winnipeg.

Signed, CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

The Commissioner

IT CAN readily be understood that in
view of our Territorial Commander's
approaching visit to the International
Headquarters, in connection with the
Meeting of the High Council of The Army,
there are very many claims upon his time
and energy just now. Consultations and
interviews at Territorial Headquarters
are especially taxing and important. It
is splendid to know, however, that the
Chief Secretary is gradually returning to
excellent health, and able to undertake
much of what might otherwise fall upon
the Commissioner's shoulders.

The Commissioner leaves for England
on the 26th inst., and will sail per the
"Majestic" from New York on the 29th.
We wish him a safe and easy voyage and
the guidance of the good Lord in all that
lies before him. There will be many who
will pray for him—who do so now. The
task to which he and his colleagues are
called is no light one, and fraught with
tremendous possibilities for The Army.

THE front rank position which our
various "Grace" Hospitals are taking
throughout the Dominion has been well
emphasized during recent days in the
course of a visitation which has been
made by Dr. M. T. MacEachern, who is
in charge of hospital standardization
throughout Canada and the United
States, and a Director of the American
College of Surgeons.

Dr. MacEachern has included in his
itinerary Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, and
once more has expressed his high approval
of all that he saw there; he was especially
interested in the later developments in
the Surgery Department, and was em-
phatic in his congratulations to all who
are responsible for the same.

The doctor has also made his first
official visit to Grace Hospital, Vancouver,
and his expression was that of surprise
and gratification at the completeness of
the institution, and delight in the sci-
entific carrying out of the work which The
Army has there undertaken. It is in-
teresting to us to know that Dr. Mac-
Eachern made a thorough and pains-
taking investigation into all departments
of the hospital, and was unstinted in his
praise, and cited it as an outstanding
example of the type of hospital to which
the principles of standardization are to
apply.

That both of our leading hospitals
should thus be so highly congratulated
reflects not only on the capable manage-

"Going Up Empty to be Filled"

By COLONEL GIDEON MILLER

MY home is situated near two of the
main lines of Western Railways,
and I have noticed since the harvest
great trains at all hours of the day and
night passing Westward; sometimes with
a load of a hundred cars and more. I
enquired of my neighbor—"Why such
long trains?" He replied: "They are
going up empty to be filled."

Yes, going out to the great storehouse
of our Western Lands, to be filled with
the golden grain which God has so
bountifully given us, and which they
will carry to various distributing points,
so that the precious staff of life may
find its way to the cities and towns of
this country, or to the uttermost parts
of the earth, thus supplying the needs
of the people and satisfying their hunger.

I have observed that these cars are
different in size and in appearance; some
are old and worn with the years, while
others are obviously quite new, and have
only been in the service a very short
time. But they are all in the same
great work—being bearers of the grain
so needful for the health and happiness
of mankind.

I have often thought to myself that,
if these cars could speak, they would
tell how keenly they realize their re-
sponsibility, being in such an important
service. Some of them, as I say, have
done many years of work; in all kinds
of weather, moving onward early and
late, bearing their precious freight, all
in a united line. But their most loud
sounding note would be: "No matter
how often we go up empty, we find a
sufficiency and are quickly filled to over-
flowing, and once more start off on our
errand of conveying good to the world."

Now, those words, "Going up empty
to be filled," have been ringing in my
ears, and have caused me to think of
the great train of God's people of great
records of service, some young and only
just starting on the way, dispositions
differing, filling varying positions, and
yet, alas, many conscious of and con-
fessing their emptiness and need of
being filled with the Holy Ghost.

Some, perhaps, like a Comrade whom
I met the other day, and who said to
me: "I am spiritually exhausted; I have
been giving out of myself, dealing and
pleading with the unconverted, and with
those who have become lukewarm, and
I feel so empty. I can give out no more
until I have some refreshing for my own
heart and spirit."

Doubtless there are many like that

Comrade, hut, no matter what your
experience may be—whether of weakness
or heanness of soul, or the want of a new
touch of power—there is the never failing
promise: If you will ask and believe,
you shall find that He is able to do ex-
ceeding abundantly above all that we
ask or think.

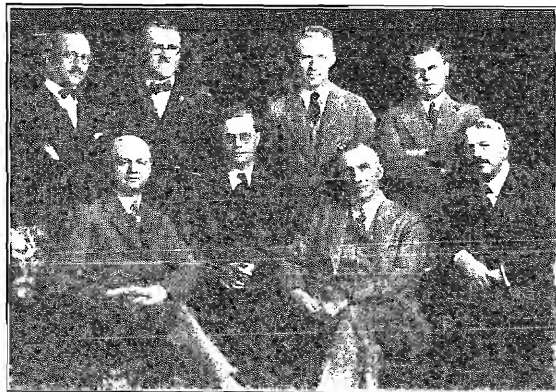
The Apostles proved the truth of this
promise when they were gathered with
one accord in the Upper Room in Jerusa-
lem in the hour of their need. They were
all filled with the Holy Ghost, and the
whole world has felt the influence of
that Prayer-Meeting. And tens of thou-
sands of saints, all through the ages, have
since proved God to be true. Being
emptied of all selfishness, unbelief, and
pride, and such like—making an offering
of themselves to God—body, soul and
spirit. Has He not opened the windows
of Heaven, and poured out such blessing
that there has not been room to contain it?

There is an old Dutch picture of a
little child dropping a church toy from
its hands. We wonder why, until, in
the corner of the picture, we see a white
dove winging its flight towards the
emptied, outstretched hands of the little
one. Similarly, we are prepared to
forego a great deal when once we catch
sight of the spiritual gifts which beckon
us; then do we drop our paltry toys of
earth and reach out to full consecration
and surrender.

The original Hebrew word for con-
secration means to "fill the hand".
There will not be much difficulty in
getting men to empty their hands of
wood, hay, and stubble, when once they
realize there is an opportunity of filling
them with holy treasures. The world
pities us because it sees only those things
which the followers of the Christ give up,
but it would withhold its sympathy if
it could realize how much we receive.
"Good measure, pressed down, and running
over." "Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness, for they
shall be filled," said the Master, and His
promise holds good today.

No matter how many times we have
gone up empty to the banquet of God,
we have received inspiration and power,
and have been filled. This should be our
constant encouragement, especially if
we are lacking in spiritual strength.
Press your way to the Throne of Grace,
wait for the promise of the Father, that
His will may be done in earth as it is in
Heaven. "Go up to be filled."

Outstanding Work at Vancouver Grace Hospital



The Medical Staff at Grace Hospital, Vancouver:—(Left to right)—back row—Dr. J. E. Curtis;
Dr. E. H. Saunders; Dr. R. P. Kinsman; Dr. A. Y. McNair. Front row—Dr. G. Seldon;
Dr. J. W. Arbuckle; Dr. W. S. Turnbull and Dr. C. Vrooman.

ment of them, and in this our Salvation-
ist readers will take a comradely interest,
but it is a high compliment to the medical
men whose services are so readily and
generously placed at the disposal of the
hospital in particular and The Salva-
tion Army in general.

In a later issue we hope to present our
readers with a pictorial setting of the
Winnipeg Medical Staff, most of whose
names are household words amongst us;
we are happy, however, to give a photo-
graph of the fine group of medical men
who are closely associating themselves

Spiritual Day at The Garrison

ON Tuesday, December 11th, our
Leader and Mrs. Rich met the
Training Garrison Cadets and spent a
glad and profitable "Spiritual Day" with
them. It was one of those times when the
holy influences which are hovering over
the young lives of the Garrison residents
were especially emphasised.

As usual the Commissioner gave some
Staff Officers and others an opportunity
of speaking from their own experience,
and the talks which were given by the
Colonel and Mrs. Peacock and Brother
Park were greatly appreciated.

Staff-Gathering in Winnipeg

ON Monday evening last, the Com-
missioner and Mrs. Rich met the
Staff Officers of Territorial Headquarters
at the Training Garrison. While the
gathering was not called especially for
that purpose, it was natural that the
Commissioner should take the opportu-
nity of addressing the assembled officers
on the subject of his journey to
London.

Our Territorial Commander's refer-
ences to the General and to our
other International Leaders created an
atmosphere of spiritual fraternity
which is a true index of the warmth
of brotherhood which exists through-
out all ranks of The Army, and of the on-
eness of our purpose.

Mrs. Comr. Rich at Elmwood

In addition to many labours of a
private and unobtrusive character, and
her share with the Commissioner in
his recent engagements, it falls to our
lot to report an interesting and happy
event in which Mrs. Rich recently
took part.

The Elmwood Home League Sale
afforded an opportunity for meeting
the willing workers of that Branch
and Corps, and also a goodly com-
pany of friends who gathered there
quite recently. Mrs. Rich's words of
cheer were a pleasant addition to what
proved to be an event full of good
comradeship and happy result.

Mr. Hope F. M. Ross

For some years past this gifted
Winnipeg journalist has placed his
services at the disposal of the Com-
missioner and Territorial Headquar-
ters, and has helped greatly in pub-
licity and advisory affairs. His pre-
sent close association with us will
lessen at the end of the year—he will
probably undertake other duties of an
important and semi-public character—
but we feel quite sure that his intimate
knowledge of Western personalities
and affairs will always be at the free
disposal of The Army. We take this
opportunity of tendering him the
heartiest thanks of all at Territorial
Headquarters for a splendid co-operation
and an ever-refreshing friendship.

with Vancouver "Grace," and to whose
splendid services we are in no small
measure indebted for the position so
enthusiastically recognised by Dr. Mac-
Eachern.

Another item of interest, which recently
occurred at Vancouver was the Hospital
Inspection by the Hon. S. L. Howe, Pro-
vincial Secretary. An application has
been filed for the Hospital to be registered
under the Provincial Hospitals Act of
British Columbia, and Mr. Howe's visit,
and consequent satisfaction with all that
he saw, is not without significance.

One cannot close this brief report
without mention of the splendid man-
ner in which Mr. W. J. Blake-Wilson, re-
sident business man of Vancouver,
has identified himself with the work and
claims of the Hospital, as have other
prominent local citizens, to the no small
encouragement of Lt.-Colonel Louis Payne,
the indefatigable Superintendent.

"You will never regret giving yourself
to Him—but you must hand over all the
keys. Let Him save you and then use
you in the great fight, which is going to
make the whole universe more as God
meant it to become."—F. B. Meyer.

(Per Air Mail)

VICTORIANS, and so
Victorians, are not a
theater at 7 a.m. and then
each hour that the "Empire"
dedicated at Victoria, in the
Orbit. But, three T. Em-
menders were on board, a
of salvationists made
see them, if it did mean
fast. What a pleasure
them! Lt.-Commissioner
Cosmopolitan McKenzi-
Perth, of Japan, China
spectively, Adjutant Me-
the Officers of Victoria
Miley, a bird of passage
also Y.P. Treasurer M-
daughter, and your humb-

How we talked and talked
and Commissioner Yau-
one group and Colonel H-
another, Commissioner
the disappearing act to
hardly knew that he had
hours before reaching
loved ones waiting for him.

We thought ourselves
and our cup of joy full
was even more to follow
"Good-bye and Gold-bye"
Adjutant Kake Laney, J-
and lower delighted we
the sisters. What remin-
comrades exchanged, the
half of it said in the tin-
the big boat sailed, but
but a port of call.

Yet we say, "Hallelu-
God for the many bless-
that do come our way.
we are promised a Y-
possibly be arranged so
return this way. Again,
of course, "Hallelujah."

FOLKS who really believe
never grumble about
we take it as the Lord
not so greatly uplifted
sunshine" as some less
who live to the East
Rockies. However, we
of thanksgiving on Sunday
we found the city hatched
knew that it would be so
to our illustrious visitor
sioner Yamamoto of
Commissioner McKenzi-

An inspiring Open-A-
our time honored spot,
handmen and sundry
tendence, spoke well for
of the day; the fact that
Bund Commissioner H-
have an additional touch
and, maybe, put an end
marches with which to
Citadelwards.

Never slow to share
or we in his, Major Jack
was with us, and the open-
ing session lost nothing
reason of the fact that
There was a yin and
these items which paved
for Commissioner Mc-
mental" talk; he told
difficulties against which
China are called to
to feel that not only
definite surrender and
but that the call of
persistent to us in their
his own large-hearted
of the joy unspeakable
lengths for Jesus Christ.

A welcome visitor—
Captain Kobayashi, the
leader for Japanese V-
Western Territory; co-
course, his spiritual m-
comrade, Lt.-Commis-
to read to us the Scrip-
e, enunciation and ve-

Then our Japanese
manner led us into it
and pointedly asked us
upon as to our spiritu-
God—whether dead or
unto God, or the
condition. He will do
on the thought that
tion should come to
nation has but recently
all of Christ as a Sav-
Commissioner's story-
ing with, three humb-
men, and of the two
thereat, thrilled us go-
Our Citadel had pre-
for the morning Meet

at The Garrison

December 11th, our Mrs. Rich met the Cadets and spent a "Spiritual Day" with those times when the ch are hovering over the Garrison rest, his hasied. Commissioner gave some others an opportunity their own experiences. h were given by the 'cock and Br. later appreciated.

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Commander's ref. general and to our l Leaders created an spiritual fraternity index of the warmth hich exists through rmy, and of the on- se.

ch at Elmwood

many labours of a usive character, and the Commissioner in nents, it falls to our interesting and hap- Mrs. Rich recently

F. M. Ross

st past this gifted st has placed his sposal of the Com- ritorial Headquarters greatly in pub- affairs. His pres- ion with us will f the year—he will other duties of a "public character" as well as, and the opening of our meeting session last nothing in brevities by reason of the fact that he was therein. There was a vim and readiness about these items which paved the way grandly for Commissioner McKenzie's "exper- mental" talk; he told us of some of the difficulties against which our comrades in China are called to light, and then led us to feel that not only did they need a definite surrender and personal devotion, but that the call of Christ was equally insistent to us in those particulars. In his own large-hearted way he reminded us of the joy unspensable in going to all lengths for Jesus Christ.

erest which recently was the Hosod o. S. L. Howe, Pre- der for Japanese Work in the U.S.A. Western Territory; coming to greet of course, his spiritual mentor and national comrade, Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro; to read to us the Scripture, a study alike in enunciation and versatility.

Then our Japanese Territorial Com- mander led us into the things of God, and pointedly asked us the solemn ques- tion as to our spiritual standing before God—whether dead unto sin and alive unto God, or the reverse, immortal condition. He will forgive us for musing on the thought that such an interroga- tion should come to us from one whose nation has but recently heard anything at all of Christ as a Saviour from sin. The Commissioner's story of his recent meet- ing with three hundred of his country- men, and of the twenty-eight converts thereat, thrilled us greatly.

Our Citadel had proved itself too strait for the morning Meeting, and it was well

(Per Air Mail)

VICTORIANS, and some who are not VICTORIANS, are not as a rule taking their air at 7 a.m. and that was the on- ead hour that the "Empress of France" docked at Victoria, inbound from the Orient. But, three Territorial Com- missioners were on board, and a little party of Salvationists made preparations to see them, if it did mean an early break- fast. What a pleasure it was to meet them: Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro, Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, and Colonel Barr, of Japan, China and Korea, re- spectively. Adjutant Merritt represented the Officers of Victoria, and Captain Milley, a bird of passage, was on hand, also Y.P. Treasurer Mrs. Bent and daughter, and your humble correspondent.

How we talked and talked, the Officers and Commissioner Yamamuro made up one group and Colonel Barr and the rest another, Commissioner McKenzie doing the disappearing act to pick up. He hardly knew that he had six or seven long hours before reaching Vancouver, with loved ones waiting for him.

We thought ourselves most fortunate, and our cup of joy full indeed, but there was even more to follow, for before the "Good-bye and Good Bless you" was said, Adjutant Kate Lamb joined the party, and how delighted we were, especially the sisters. What reminiscences we older comrades exchanged, the trouble was to get half of it said in the time allowed before the big boat sailed, but alas, Victoria is but a port of call.

Yet we say, "Hallelujah," and praise God for the many blessings in this line that do come our way, and whisper to us we are promised a Meeting if it can possibly be arranged should Colonel Barr return this way. Again we say, quietly, of course, "Hallelujah."—A.E.T.

FOLKS who really belong to Vancouver never grumble about the weather, we take it as the Lord sends it, and are not so greatly uplifted about "brilliant sunshine" as some less contented folks who live to the East of our glorious Rockies. However, we did uplift a psalm of thanksgiving on Sunday morning when we found the city bathed in sunshine, and knew that it would be sending a welcome to our illustrious visitors—Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro of Japan, and Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie of China.

An inspiring Open-Air gathering, on our time honored spot, with over thirty bandsmen and sundry Soldiers in attendance, spoke well for the enthusiasm of the day; the fact that we have in our Band Commissioner McKenzie's son, gave an additional touch to our welcome, and, maybe, put an extra lilt into the marches with which the Band led us Citadelwards.

Never slow to share in our blessings, as we saw, his Major Jackson from Seattle was with us, and the opening of our meeting session last nothing in brevities by reason of the fact that he was therein. There was a vim and readiness about these items which paved the way grandly for Commissioner McKenzie's "exper- mental" talk; he told us of some of the difficulties against which our comrades in China are called to light, and then led us to feel that not only did they need a definite surrender and personal devotion, but that the call of Christ was equally insistent to us in those particulars. In his own large-hearted way he reminded us of the joy unspensable in going to all lengths for Jesus Christ.

A welcome visitor indeed was Staff- Captain Kobayashi, the Divisional Com- mander for Japanese Work in the U.S.A. Western Territory; coming to greet of course, his spiritual mentor and national comrade, Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro; to read to us the Scripture, a study alike in enunciation and versatility.

Then our Japanese Territorial Com- mander led us into the things of God, and pointedly asked us the solemn ques- tion as to our spiritual standing before God—whether dead unto sin and alive unto God, or the reverse, immortal condition. He will forgive us for musing on the thought that such an interroga- tion should come to us from one whose nation has but recently heard anything at all of Christ as a Saviour from sin. The Commissioner's story of his recent meet- ing with three hundred of his country- men, and of the twenty-eight converts thereat, thrilled us greatly.

Our Citadel had proved itself too strait for the morning Meeting, and it was well

When East Meets West

British Columbia Greet Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro and Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie

that the "Empress of France" Staff-Captain Merritt had been in the Empress Theatre for the afternoon of the day. We had a beautiful scene for the after- noon, the "Empress of France" which we were to see, and Hon. Toyochichi Fukuoka, Hon. Japanese Majesty's Commissioner in Canada.

It was a beautiful strain was carried on by the Staff-Captain Merritt, who had been in the Empress Theatre for the afternoon of the day. We had a beautiful scene for the after- noon, the "Empress of France" which we were to see, and Hon. Toyochichi Fukuoka, Hon. Japanese Majesty's Commissioner in Canada.



Lt.-Commr. Gunpei Yamamuro of Japan.



Lt.-Commr. Wm. McKenzie, of North China.

enlightened his patriotism, and expressed himself as keenly interested in the work of the Army, and that he regarded his afternoon's duties as a high honor and privilege.

The lecture was by way of being a double event. First we had Commissioner Yamamuro's brilliant record of Army triumphs in Japan, with the state- ment, evidently a matter for personal pride, that fifty per cent of the work there is now self-supporting. The story of a gift of 2,000 yen from an Army com- rade of years ago as a token of grati- tude for blessing received, was beautifully told, and appreciatively received.

Here we had a musical break, and with splendidness—not unusual with Band-

running down British spines during those moments—for Vancouver is loyally British. (So's the rest of Canada. Isn't it?—Ed.).

Before we leave the afternoon Meeting it might be well to complete the picture by saying that with those whom we have already mentioned as being on the plat- form, or in the programme, were Lt.-Colonel McLean, Brigadier C. Allen, Major James, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Staff-Captain Kobayashi and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle; so that you will see we had on all our usual decorations.

The evening Meeting in the Empress Theatre was a typically enthusiastic affair, and a fine crowd of Salvationists

and others—to say nothing of visitors from the regions near at hand, Pender Street, Cordova St., etc., etc. Many of them, naturally, looked on with amaz- e at the manner of our worship, but they were in an atmosphere of brotherly kindness, almost from the moment of the opening song. Song and prayer alike came from exuberant throats, and believing hearts.

Commissioner Yamamuro's intimate talk on the old, old world-wide text, "God so loved the world," was another occasion for musing and for gratitude. The theme of the uplifting power of the love of God is suited for every case, and the Commissioner's illustrations, taken from the lives of Japanese Salvationists, were as pointed as they were thrilling. The Songsters' rendering of, "Seek ye the Lord," made an appropriate sequel.

We had prayed for the King in the afternoon; at night we prayed for our beloved General, Major Jackson leading us therein. Our thoughts and prayers went winging across land and ocean in an affectionate salute, for we are mightily in love with our great International Leader, now scarred in the conflict. God bless the General! Again our Bandmaster sensed the situation aright—in the play- ing of "Nearer to Thee".

Our Meeting came to an end—before we went into the Prayer-Meeting—by Commissioner McKenzie making an impassioned and personal appeal to all present to give themselves to the Lord. Again there was no want of incident. What a wealth of Salvation illustration is our missionary service. Then the Prayer- Meeting began. It was not one of the most triumphant we have seen in Van- couver; maybe those with us were too alien in thought, and too new in their approach to Gospel things, but, there was some rejoicing in our hearts in the fact that seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and that once more the old Empress Theatre had become the gate of heaven to our souls.

Summing it all up, we have had a great day; we are fortunate in being the Gate- way City from the Orient, and that we can thus intercept such illustrious visitors; they are, we think, fortunate in that they have such a city in which to deliver their messages; we are all, fortunate, are we not, in that we are all one Army, and that we can meet and greet such Leaders from distant lands, and sit down with them in heavenly places, all one in Christ Jesus. Good old Salvation Army; blessed be God!—G.A.

As we go to press Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro is in Winnipeg, and is tak- ing part in a Missionary Rally at the Rupert Avenue Citadel—Lt.-Commis- sioner Rich in the chair. Our visitor is also due to speak at a Canadian Club luncheon on Thursday at noon. A special report of these events will appear in our next issue. Lt.-Com- missioner McKenzie continues his journey to London via Chicago, and is consequently unable to be with his colleague in our Territorial Centre.

Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore

HAVING been recalled by the Chief of the Staff to attend the High Council, Commissioner Whatmore passed through Winnipeg a few days ago. In the meantime Mrs. Whatmore stays in Victoria, B.C. where she is happy in renewed intercourse with her sisters resident there.

She addressed the members of the Victoria Home League on a recent Thurs- day afternoon, thus bringing to a con- clusion the Branch activities for 1928. Her talk on "Women of Holland and other Lands" was exceedingly interesting; there were not far short of a hundred members and friends to hear her.

Staff-Captain Arthur Brewer, recently of the North Dakota Division, has made himself much of a comrade with "over the Line" visitors from this Territory. We are sorry to learn of a recent severe illness which has culminated in an opera- tion, and the necessity for a removal to a less severe climate.

Lt.-Colonel Sims is jubilant over the latest Men's Social advance; this time it is Officers Quarters, a new building, for the accommodation of the Officers at- tached to the Bonnie Doon Eventide Home.

The Health of The General

LATEST news from International Headquarters is to the effect that the recently-reported improvement in the General's condition is maintained.

So much better is he, says the British "Cry," that Commissioner Laurie (Chancellor of the Exchequer) has visited our Leader, accom- panied by a Notary Public, and secured his signature to a number of important legal and other documents. The Commissioner was de- lighted to note the improvement which had taken place in the General's condition since his last visit.

Mrs. Booth has been very thankful for all the messages of sym- pathy and assurances of prayer which are constantly reaching her. Among many inquiries from people in all ranks of life as to the General's condition, is one from President von Hindenburg, who, it will be remembered, received the General when he was in Berlin a year ago.

The General has also been able to send a message to a Council of Young People at Midway, conducted by Mrs. Booth. "Tell them," said the Army's Leader, "to remember that the Lord is no respecter of persons. Tell them that now I must learn the lesson of sickness and suffering just as others have had to do, and so must they. There- fore, let us work together with God and not allow that which we do not expect to interfere with what we may do for God. Fight the good fight to the end, and remember that if we are careless and neglectful others may suffer."

Sir James Aikens, K.C.



SINCE we last went to press one of Canada's noted statesmen and a leading citizen of Winnipeg, Sir J. Aikens, K.C., has celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. The fact that Sir James has served so many good causes during his long life, and that he has placed his many brilliant talents at the service of the State—it will be remembered that he has quite recently concluded a two-term period as Lt.-Governor of Manitoba—have made him the recipient of many congratulatory messages.

We venture to say, however, that none have been more hearty than those which our Commissioner tendered to him, and which certainly carry with them the entire good will of all our people. Sir James Aikens acknowledged these greetings in his own felicitously courteous manner, and said: "It is a gratification to me that during the course of the years there have been attached to me many friends—true friends. This is to thank you and The Army for all your good wishes." God bless Sir James, say we.

"Just in Time"

A Short Story by Major Jaynes

IN connection with my visit to the Vancouver General Hospital here, I was accosted by a patient who wanted to know if I could do anything to locate a son and daughter supposed to be living somewhere either in Trisco or Los Angeles. I said we would try and took the matter up with our Officer there. This was on October 26th.

On December 3rd, just a day before the father died, we got a wire from the Colonel saying the missing children had been located in Trisco, and this word we immediately passed on to the father here, who was delighted beyond my power to express. Less than twenty-four hours after this the old man had passed on, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his children were found and thinking of him.

I wired the son, telling him of his loss and asking if they could get here for the funeral. Circumstances not permitting, they wired five dollars, and asked that we get a floral tribute from the family. This was ten dollars here, but on explaining matters I got the same for half price, and placed it on the casket—in remembrance of those he loved.

I then wrote the children, telling them that everything had been done that could be done ere we laid him away to await the Eternal Morning, also a letter to the Colonel, thanking him for the message that came—"just in time."

A Faithful Veteran

A recent issue of the "War Cry" contained a report of the promotion to Glory of Sister Mrs. Pace, a faithful veteran Soldier of the Moose Jaw Corps. Some additional particulars are to hand concerning this comrade and we publish them forthwith.

Sister Mrs. Pace, who had been a Salvationist for over fifty years became an Officer from the Brighton Congress Hall and remained in the Field for twelve years during which time she opened Gateshead I Corps and also served in the Channel Islands. She was then known as Captain Ilman.

Ill-health caused our Comrade to relinquish her beloved work and prior to her coming to Canada she served five years as an Envoy. Her association with the Moose Jaw Corps is a fragrant memory to the comrades and her work as Y.P.S.-M. and Hospital Visitor, was faithfully carried out.

"Common shop religion has no thrill for anybody, young or old. The real thing has a thrill for everybody, old or young. No inspector is needed to analyse the article."—Bernard Shaw.

OUR YEARS

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Psalm 90:4.

DURING the last few days I have had occasion to think of the change in the date in the year; being an Editor makes it necessary that one should think ahead, and so, while some of you are still blundering over the rival claims of 1928 and 1929, we shall be safely over the stile and happy on our way. There are compensations in every walk of life.

But this change in the date has made me think of the meaning of years. "The meaning of years?" you say. "Why, as far as I can see, a year means 365 days and a few odd hours, which seem to pass much more rapidly the older one grows." True, my comrade. That is the generally accepted meaning of the word year, but when one stops to think about it, it means much more, very much more.

It all depends how much use a man makes of the years as they pass; it is evident that a year in one man's life is worth ten, twenty, thirty years in another's, and thus years become no criterion of how long, or how briefly a man has lived. "With long life will I satisfy him," says Moses, but a life of short years may be so crowded as to be a career which is crowded to the full with satisfaction, and crowned with completeness.

What Grey Hairs Mean

There is an old saying which tells us that we ought to reverence grey hairs. I am not so sure that it is not foolish advice. It all depends what the grey hairs stand for. Hair can grow grey in idleness as well as by hard work. I have known young men who have been far more deserving of veneration than many an old man whom I have met.

Old age is only venerable when the growing years are attended by an equal growth in wisdom, usefulness, and achievement. If, by the time I am seventy, I have learned no more self-control, no more charity towards my fellow-men, no more wisdom in advice and counsel, and no more of the companionship of the Holy Spirit, than I exercised, say, at twenty, why should I expect my grey hairs to be a call for reverence?

Mind you, I am not one of those who have gone crazy over the claims of youth; who are for ever prattling that this is the "Day of the Young People", and who in support of their argument, I suppose, are always insulting grown young men and women by calling them "Boys and girls." I do say, however, better a short life and a full one, than

a mere stretching out of the years into a merely useless length.

There was an old gypsy man who lived in our town when I was a boy; he was the grimmest old rascal in the neighbourhood; more than half of the local pilgrims went down to him—and yet he claimed to be a centenarian. I am quite sure, however, he had never been of much use to anybody, and least of all to himself.

At one time The Army owned a huge estate in Australia, it had been granted to them by the State Government; patches of it were the most fruitful soil one could desire—the most luscious of fruit would grow therein. Other parts were arid, and useless and a constant anxiety to the management because of their ill-effect on the good sections. Some men's lives are like that—just a waste of years; others "bring forth an hundredfold." Before the latter, the former sink into insignificance.

A Brave Little Woman

I know a man who only seems to live to eat; as soon as he has finished one meal, he says: "When do we eat next?" On the other hand I know a brave little woman who has a job to get enough to keep body and soul together; but she is known all around the neighbourhood as an angel of mercy, and all the folks about regard her as a mother, sister, aunt, and grandmother rolled into one.

When the Recording Angel reads these two records, I wonder how much mere length of days will count. That little woman may wear herself out before she is fifty, but the old glutton may feed himself and pamper himself until he is a hundred. But I imagine the Angel will know how to appraise them correctly. Moses said "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Take note of the days as they come, use them to the utmost, put them past you brim full of doings and endeavors, so that at the end they shall not appear as "The years of the hireling," but as the days of one who has been about the Master's business—which is, as you very well know—so spending your life that it may be not only a joy and delight for yourself, but a pathway into better days and happier years for the multitudes around you.

"Oh, that each in the day
Of this coming may say,
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou did'st give
me to do."

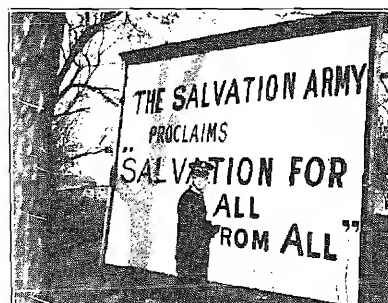
GETTING TO WORK ON A VACANT LOT

AN empty notice board, especially when it is attached to a Salvation Army property, is worse than "tinkling brass and sounding cymbal"; the latter do at least make some noise in the world while the former stands mute—as dumb and as dismal as if we had no message at all to give to the world.

Evidently the righteous soul of Staff-Captain Mundy has been moved with similar thoughts, and so one day, armed with paint and brush, and clad in serviceable overalls, he attacked the vacant sign-boards at the Training Garrison, and filled them with messages which greet the eyes of the thousands of pedestrians, car-passengers and autoists who pass by the Garrison building during the course of the week.

Perhaps this little tale will be a hint to some other folks to get to work on other vacant lots and so advertise the claims of Jesus Christ, and the glories of His Salvation. "Write the vision, said the Lord, and make it plain—that he may run that readeth it."

And while we are about it, may we not hint that there are some Salvation Army Halls which might well be advertised as such. Why, there's a message of hope in the very words "The Salvation Army" if you but stop to think of it.

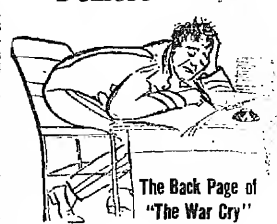


"On The Pots"

IF we could only get out young Cadet comrades to tell us some of the touching and happy incidents which their "potting" experiences have provided, we should have an intensely interesting column for our readers, and perhaps, thereby, a few more dollars for the "Keep the Pot Boiling Fund." But, alas.

We imagine, however, that the most touching incidents were of the blind man who, hearing the sound of the jingling bells, asked to be guided to the spot so that he could give his quarter; and of another similarly afflicted gentleman who called to the

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



The Back Page of "The War Cry"

Ste. Al Styremup Man-
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is amazing how the years fly. It gives me cold shivers to think that at the end of another year. And a little done, that's the worst of it. So little done in the way of stirring up the "War Cry" circulation; so few of our people—Officers and Soldiers alike—who really care. I know I sometimes write like an old fool, and some folks think that there is nothing else to it, but, seriously, Mr. Editor, don't you think most of us are frivolling away the time.

I know you don't expect me to use up this column in writing sermons; you can do that well enough without me; but it is high time some of us were up and doing, or life will end before we have done anything at all. However, I must not moralise too much. Let's make a new start with the New Year, and make up our minds to spend every moment of it in the Lord's service.

Say, Mr. Editor, I have heard it said that there were 7,132 people who stood alone with the old Founder on Mile End Waste; were you one of them? You have been in The Army a very long time, I know and you are acquainted with some of its historical facts. Can you tell me why they dropped that wonderful idea of "singing a song from the back page of the 'War Cry'?" Don't you think we might revive it occasionally. You do print some very nice songs there sometimes, although I do often wish our tunes were more up to date. Some of the bandsmen who have phonographs could give you some of the latest airs. I have been stirred up to write you like this because of a letter I have just received. Here it is:

Winnipeg

Dear Envy:

I thought you might be interested to know that our Sangster Leader deserves "honorable mention" in your next week's column. He told the "War Cry" man the other evening on our way home from Band practice that he "pulled a whole stunt" in a recent Saturday night when he and his Brigade had charge of the Meeting. He chose the opening song from the back page of the "War Cry" and he himself said 19 copies among the congregation—four of the Sangsters said 50. Now then, can't we have a revival of this old time fashion Yours in the same service.

"J.R.W."

Now, he's a smart man is that "J.R.W." I'd like to make his acquaintance and shake him by the hand, and if I had so many other expenses just now, I join the Band fund. However, I'm close. Nothing to say about rises 10 week, except, "let us all rise and sing from the back page of the 'War Cry'."

Yours ever faithful, ever sure,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

Cadet in charge so that he might at give his mite.

Almost as touching is the story of a little child who came shyly to the Cadet with the request that she might be allowed to empty her envelope of collected pieces into the pot.

And yet what a crowd of strong, able bodied, and comparatively well-to-do folks hurry past; some with a sneer and a jeer. However, the "Inasmuch" him holds as true today as when it was first given.



Our Occa

The Story

TWO men walked. Both were Le followers of our Le hurrying, bustling and women in r clothing, old and shopping and the lights and the fort of having so citizens around him.

The other saw all around human souls who and failure, to overcome by sin.

He watched the of his own heart, its joys and tears, that crowd such such seeking, that him.

Support

Both men went to pray. The first his family, his with little more which he had p wife for the cup. He was soon formula so well t find a word, and in bed and fast as.

The second gro his knees. Althou closed he could of suffering, sinn he cried from th "O God, save th the way to their to them about Th does not corrupt. He was long a at last he retired almost a prayer, he.

Both men we followers of our ye, was of great of Heaven? Wt you like?

Goss

MARK TW to the effe around the worl could get its shu are usually un They feed on b disapproval, th characters are b enthusiasm th and Mrs. Jones, plus the colori The snowball i volume and ve Let's play th let's reserve m afflicted with if their birthday a present of th with the pray texts will no hands over his "see no evil," maulled with int of "being no idea, put a X hands over his



Prince Albert's Campaign

Prince Albert (Captain and Mrs. Edwards). A great impression has been made here through the visit of Commandant Carroll, and we believe, in addition to our own inspiration, great and lasting good has been done in the town. Meetings were held every night during his campaign, and both in these gatherings and in the Prayer-Meetings which preceded them, the Commandant did not spare himself, but worked heart and soul.

One of the lectures given by our visitor was on "The Wandering Jew," and attracted quite a number of strangers to the Hall. On Saturday night a rousing Open-Air Meeting was held on the main street, and then, in the Hall the Commandant spoke on "The Battle of Books." On Sunday the Meetings were well attended—there being a record attendance at night when the Hall was crowded. In this Meeting C.S.-M. Mrs. Salter was presented with a Long-Service Badge, having completed twenty-four years' service. One young woman who has since regularly attended the Meetings, sought the Lord, and is striving to do His will. The string band did good service in this Meeting.

On Thursday night the Commandant gave a Lecture in the Canadian Legion Hall—"The Battlefields of France and Belgium." The Hall was crowded with men and women who were interested and enlightened and pleased with the Lecture.

During the Campaign four souls sought Christ, some of whom are definitely taking their stand.—C.C.B.A.V.

Sister Mrs. Barnard, Lethbridge

On Saturday, December 1, God called to Himself one of the most faithful and zealous of our Soldiers, Sister Mrs. Barnard (nee Minnie Tullock), wife of our Deputy-Bandmaster, daughter of Corps Serg.-Major and Mrs. Tullock and sister of Bandsmen Bill and Lawley Tullock.



Sister Mrs. Barnard

The Funeral Service was conducted by Captain and Mrs. King, assisted by Captains Belkovich and Buckley. As the people thronged the Citadel the Band, under Bandmaster Hardy, played appropriate music, and the service commenced with the favorite song of our promoted comrade, "Precious promise Thou hast given," and then all hearts were stirred as Sister Mrs. Hardy poured out her soul to God on behalf of the bereaved, and also for the salvation of the lost. Captain Belkovich read the Shepherd Psalm, and Captain Buckley and Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Rosaine, from Drumheller, spoke of the consistency of and the influence of Mrs. Barnard's life, and the spiritual power she had exerted.

Y.P.S.-M. Bert Mundy, with whom our Comrade had worked in the Company Meeting, read messages of sympathy which had poured in from all parts of Canada, including telegrams from previous Corps Officers, including Commandant Beattie and Adjutants McCaughey and Hubbard. Sister Mrs. Benington sang a suitable solo, and Captain King closed with a message from the text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," with a definite warning to the unsaved to seek God on the spot. Great was our joy when a sister who had been a neighbour of Sister Barnard's for many years voluntarily came to the Mercy-Seat and gave herself to God. Since the funeral we have heard that many hearts were stirred by the playing of the Dead March by the Band on the street.

Sister Mrs. Barnard will be missed by everyone, especially by her own company

A Resume of Recent Events at Winnipeg Citadel

ENCOURAGING results, increased attendances, a greater display of the fighting spirit, and a conquering faith, are among the items the Scribe has gathered during the two recent weeks of fighting at the Winnipeg Citadel. Specials—we've had lots of them; variety—plenty of it. Salvation bombs and bullets have been well mixed with some good Knee-drill and determined concerted attacks on the Devil's Territory and not without victorious results. Thirty decisions have been recorded during the past fourteen days.

On Saturday, Dec. 8, the Citadel Brigade of Cadets revealed a wealth of talent when they gave us a whole evening packed full of sermons, laughs and good music. Undoubtedly the feature of the evening was the item, "Lost Opportunities," which number was given to The Army world per the International Demonstration, per Sister Dorothy Joy. (We believe we shall persuade Adjutant Junker to use this dialogue for his Sunday night Lesson, yet!)

Sunday afternoon, all who attended the P.S.A. enjoyed Lt.-Colonel Sims' Observations" of the recent Alaskan Congress at Ketchikan.

At night, Lt.-Colonel McLean, fresh from his triumphant revival Campaign in North Dakota and Minnesota, piloted us through a glorious Meeting. There was great liberty that night, and while the Mercy drops were falling on the Seniors in the auditorium, the young people were experiencing refreshing showers in their Meeting below. Adjutant Davies, with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Weeks, and Y.P.S.-M. Black, with other Y.P. Workers, fought through to a great victory. Over twenty came forward during the Meeting.

On the following night in the Y.P. Meeting the fire was still burning, and

refreshing, honest testimonies were heard from many who had been re-consecrated the previous night.

On Wednesday, Dec. 12, the Annual Financial Report was read in the presence of a fairly representative gathering of Soldiers, by Treasurer Alex. Susans. The otherwise dry proceedings were moistened by smooth, flowing streams of melody via the Songster Brigade.

Thursday night the Guards held a very successful Sale of Work, the earnings of which reached a gratifying total.

Santa Claus peeped into the Y.P. Hall on Saturday afternoon for a few moments, and the Primary Section each retained a pleasant memory, for he left each one a useful gift.

Saturday evening witnessed the start of an old-fashioned weekend, when Major Carruthers, the Divisional Commander, commenced a series that extended over till Monday night. Ensign Stratton proved a capable assistant during the weekend, and especially was this evident on Monday night, when she, with her "box of whistles" had a rousing time with the young people.

All ranks and sections in the Corps are depleted on account of sickness, and special prayers were requested for the ailing ones during the day. The Bandmaster's household, is a miniature hospital ward, we are told; pray for him and his family.

Deputy-Bandmaster Weir led the Band capably during the day, and with the aid of Adjutant Davies and Haynes, and the Editor at the piano, "put over" a first-rate programme at the P.S.A. Two of the latest published numbers were featured, a march, "The Red Shield," and a short selection, "Oh, remember Calvary." Major Carruthers gave us a very interesting insight into the life and work of Salvationist comrades in Alaska. —J.R.W.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

of boys, and not least by her own two dear ladies, the elder of whom, eight years of age, plays the instrument in the Y.P. Band which Mrs. Barnard played in the Senior Band during the war days.

Nineteen Seekers at Memorial Service

Though our hearts were very heavy, our faith was high for the Sunday Meetings, and we were not disappointed. In the morning Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Rosaine told us of her early struggles after God, and how at Lethbridge Corps she had found peace, and that for over thirty years God had kept her fighting; hearts were moved and four seekers came out for conversion, and one for forgiveness.

The comrades of the Corps, including Brother Barnard and others of the bereaved family, joined in the Open-Air at night, and remained right through the Salvation Meeting, fighting and fishing to the end. During the evening one comrade testified that some years ago he came into the Citadel drunk, filthy and degraded, and that Mrs. Barnard was the one who spoke to him, invited him to the Mercy-Seat, and there led him to God. Sister Mrs. Starks also testified to the holy life and character of our comrade, and how she had welcomed her as a young girl from Scotland twenty years ago, and that right through the intervening years she had known her to live a consistent Christian life.

The Band played "Sweeping through the gates" and Sister Mrs. Raby sang beautifully, "God shall wipe away all tears." The crowd which packed the Citadel was moved and thrilled as the

Sergeant-Major told of the inspiration the life of his only daughter had been to him, and of the way she had helped him in connection with his Corps duties.

The address on the joys and glories of heaven was given by Captain King, and when the appeal was made we entered into a great Salvation battle. First to come was a Band-comrade, then a husband and wife and two children knelt at the "place for the fitting of burdens" and these were followed by a number of other seekers, including a relative of our promoted comrade for whom we had prayed a long time. Altogether nineteen seekers were registered for the day.

Brother George Gorst, Fort Rouge



Brother George Gorst

told us of his intimate knowledge of our Promoted Comrade. Captain McBride sang, "Climbing up the golden Stairs," which was one of

Fort Rouge Victories

Lieutenant Gordon, Sunday night, Captain Wagner of Territorial Headquarters was with us, and we had a lively and enjoyable Meeting. Several testimonies and Cadets Anderson and Coxon spoke. The Captain's words were very forceful and we believe that many in the Meeting were deeply convicted. We rejoiced when two backsliders returned to the Fold. The Meeting was closed with a Hallelujah wind-up and march round the Hall. The morning Meeting was held by Brother Cairns.

We are very sorry that we are losing our Brigade of Cadets, although we are having others, who we know will be as good, to fill their places. They, with Sergeant Fraser have been a real blessing to the Corps, and we are sorry to part with them.—M.J.

Restored After the Meeting

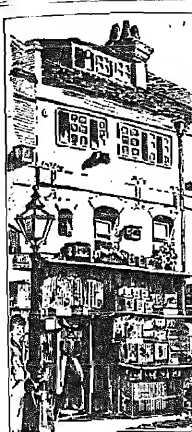
Elmwood (Captain) Hamilton and Lieut. McLean. God's presence has been mightily felt in our Meetings of late, and we have rejoiced over seekers. The farewell Meeting of our Brigade of Cadets under Sergeant Hunt was a blessed occasion, when one sister knelt at the Cross. During the month of December Ensign Schwartz, assisted by women Cadets, conducted a special series of Holiness Meetings. Two comrades sought the Blessing of Holiness in the final Meeting, and after it had closed, everyone had gone home, a backslider after being dealt and prayed with, was restored to the joy of Salvation. Hallelujah!—A.R.D.

Brother Gorst's favorite songs. Brother Cairns, who had known Brother Gorst for many years, spoke a few words. Sister Dorothy Joy sang, "There is a better world." Envoy McKenzie, on behalf of the League of Mercy, of which Brother Gorst was a member, told of his faithful service in visiting the hospitals with "War Crys", a labor of love he had done for a great number of years. It was good to know that Brother Gorst was taking the place of Brother Gorst in this work, and we were glad to hear him speak and also give Mrs. Gorst a message which was given him by the Sister of St. Boniface Hospital, saying how much they appreciated the work of Brother Gorst. Captain Walker then sang, "God is near thee." Major Habkirk spoke comfortingly about light coming out of darkness, and the light of Salvation coming out of the darkness of sin. Although there were no visible results, yet we felt that the presence of God was really in the Meeting, and many souls were touched. We feel that many returned home have been blessed in the various city hospitals by the visitation of Brother Gorst, and we feel that he will indeed be missed in that work.

The Sunday morning Holiness Meeting was conducted by Brigadier Park, assisted by Captains Walker and McBride. We were greatly helped and blessed by the words of the Brigadier who visited Fort Rouge for the first time.—M.J.

An Alaskan Despatch

Captain Chester Worthington has recently taken charge of Wrangell Corps, and things are moving in the right direction. Recently Staff-Captain Acton gave a lantern lecture to a crowded Hall, and which refreshments were served. Native comrades were most appreciative, and as the slides depicting the life and suffering of our Lord were shown, utmost interest was evidenced. A large crowd of young people also gathered to listen to an object lesson on Sunday afternoon. Captain and Mrs. Worthington are busy visiting the people, and interest in the Meetings is reviving. One backslider recently being reclaimed.



The Old Pigeon Shop in Spitalfields, where some of the early Christian Mission meetings were held.

through the loss of my little Experience has taught me sorrow that we are led to the Cross all the time. Though Jesus, I was very sincere in the I asked God to lead me, and answered my petition, and it is that I was led to pray in that converted.

Though my sorrow had both my husband and I short or less at sixes and sevens, to that the Saviour is with you that you fall out with even the One night we were passing Road, and as we were walking of a family quarrel. Some nothing very serious; but still, ing!

While the little tiff was in, snoring, and drawing nearer a porch. There was a crowd who were holding an Open-air thing about that Meeting while we listened to a soul-a-the women-evangelists we for this so earnestly. Then, over, we went into the building (I must wipe my spectacles

That Night in My Tro

I'm not crying because I'm not crying because I'm so happy; for I met Jesus, my blessed Saviour. "Come unto Me." It seemed the beautiful face of the Master a glimpse of His outspread arms a moment I knew that all one, and that I had found a troubled spirit, for I knew was saved through faith in Him. That night I understood our little bird of happiness a gift of song. My soul began

That woman-Evangelist was called, whose voice I first Jesus in the Whitechapel Rm. It was wonderful the John and me gently into the In a certain copy of the "Ch may be read a little account the heading of "Caught in t were just two of a great m in those early days from t surged up and down the W Caroline called to see us ag was that we ourselves became.

What stirring Holiness I They were held in the Lon and were led by Mr. Bramy and the Lord came upon us in ing our hearts and cleansing go forward. And we need could get, for those were i and soft and refuse were th we had to fight our way o we could get into the main r

What a fine lot we wei Though I say it myself a lot, and we were not the al of all the hubbub; for, you we found our chief joy in hi good.

What big comrades w forget seeing Doctor Johr everywhere thereabouts a Giant, who, though he wa



Louge Victories

Gordon, Sunday of Territorial Health us, and we had a comfortable Meeting. Sermon by Scriptures and led by Cadets Anderson and The Captain's words were I believe that many of us were deeply convicted. We backsliders returned. Meeting was closed with up and march round. Morning Meeting was held.

After the Meeting

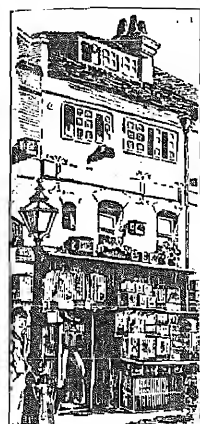
Captain Hamilton and God's presence has felt in our Meetings of us rejoiced over sedate meeting of our Brigade of Sergeant Hunt was a when one sister laid. During the month of Schwartz, assisted by conducted a special series of meetings. Two comrades singing of Holiness in the hall after it had closed. I had gone home, a heart dealt and prayed with the joy of Salvation.

favorite songs. Brother known Brother God spoke a few words. Sister said, "There is a better Kenzie, on behalf of the Army, of which Brother told of his faithful work, the hospitals with the love he had done for years. It was good other Wade is taking the best in this work, and I hear him speak and also a message which was the sister of St. Boniface. I saw much they are worth of Brother God, then sang, "God is for Hallick spoke tonight coming out of darkness of Salvation coming from sin. Although visible results, yet we felt the love of God was really in many souls were that many returned and in the various cities of visitation of Brother God that he will indeed work.

morning Holiness Meeting at Brigadier Park, assisted by Walter and McBride. We were led and blessed by Brigadier who visited the first time.—M.J.

Man Despatch

Mr. Worthington has been living in the right of the half-Captain Action. He is a crowded Hall, and were most appreciative depicting the life of the were shown, uttered, and we were not the slightest bit of a spirit of all the hubbub; for, you see, God was with us, and we found our chief joy in helping to make our people good.



The Old Pigeon Shop in Spitalfields, where some of the early Christian Mission meetings were held.

through the loss of my little one. Experience has taught me that it is in pain and sorrow that we are led to think about holy things. Grief becomes a sacrament, and we are saved by the Cross all the time. Though I knew very little about Jesus, I was very sincere in that prayer of mine; and I asked God to lead me, and it is wonderful how He answered my petition, and it is extraordinary, I think, that I was led to pray in that way, even before I was converted.

Though my sorrow had constrained me to pray, both my husband and I shortly after that were more or less at sixes and sevens; for if you do not realize that the Saviour is with you it sometimes happens that you fall out with even the one you love the best. One night we were passing along the Whitechapel Road, and as we were walking we were having a bit of a family quarrel. Some folks would say it was nothing very serious; but still, there we were disagreeing!

While the little tiff was in progress we heard some singing, and drawing nearer found ourselves before a porch. There was a crowd listening to some folk who were holding an Open-Air Meeting (such it could be called) in that very porch. There was something about that Meeting which took hold of us, and while we listened to a soul-arresting song, one of the women-evangelists we forgot our tiff and listened. Oh! so earnestly. Then, when the Meeting was over, we went into the building. Shall I ever forget it? (I must wipe my spectacles).

That Night in My Trouble I Met Jesus. I'm not crying because I'm sorry, really I'm not, but because I'm so happy; for that night in my trouble I met Jesus, my blessed Saviour, the One who said, "Come unto Me." It seemed to me as though I saw the beautiful face of the Master Himself, and caught a glimpse of His outspread arms, and in that wonderful moment I knew that all was well with my little one, and that I had found the place of rest for my troubled spirit, for I knew in that moment that I was saved through faith in Jesus.

That night I understood why the Lord had taken our little bird of happiness away, and God gave me a gift of song. My soul began to sing for very gladness. That woman-Evangelist, Sister Caroline, as she was called, whose voice I first heard tell the story of Jesus in the Whitechapel Road, was as glad as I to me. It was wonderful the way the Lord led both John and me gently into the paths of righteousness. In a certain copy of the "Christian Mission Magazine" may be read a little account of our conversation under the heading of "Caught in the Porch." At that time we were just two of a great multitude of "baptized" in those early days from the stream of holiness which surged up and down the Whitechapel Road. Sister Caroline called to see us again and again, so that we ourselves became happy-baptized Christians.

What stirring Holiness Meetings we had! We were held in the Long Room at Whitechapel, and were led by Mr. Bramwell, our present pastor, and the Lord came upon us in a wonderful way, purging our hearts and cleansing us, and in a word, we went forward. And we needed all the time we could get, for those were real fighting days. Flood and sleet and snow were thrown at us, and sometimes we had to fight our way out of the by-lanes before we could get into the main road.

What a fine lot we were (with a host of laughter). Though I say it myself "as shouldn't," we were a fine lot, and we were not the slightest bit afraid of the spirit of all the hubbub; for, you see, God was with us, and we found our chief joy in helping to make our people good.

What big comrades we had, too! I shall not forget seeing Doctor John Reid Morrison, known everywhere thereabouts as the Christian Mission Giant, who, though he was so big and heavy, yet

Caught In The Porch

Or, How John and I Met The Christian Mission

As told to NICHOLAS WILLS

I AM going to tell you, just as my own simple way, about how my John and I met the Christian Mission, or the Salvation Army, as it was then called.

We were young, and very happy together, and were going along through life without any serious thought, when sorrow came to us, for we lost one of our dear children. I shall not forget how, with my heart broken, I knelt in my room and prayed God to make me a better woman.

After a time my husband and I went to Poplar, but whether at Whitechapel or Poplar we were in the fight for the winning of the worst for the King. At Poplar John Allen, the converted navvy, proved that he could preach, and when necessary keep a crowd of roughs in order. I remember one Half-Night of Prayer when Evangelist Lawley (he's in Heaven now, bless him) shared the honours with John Allen. In those days we used to go to a kind of Class Meeting in the Long Room where the Whitechapel Holiness Meetings were held. It was a great time to us, I assure you, when the old General used to take the gathering. He would hear our testimonies, and present

tips. All the time she was a lady, and yet she stood forward like a prophetess, amid all the storm and turmoil. She was not shocked by the rough-and-ready speech and deeds of the Converts! Bless her, not! The things that shocked her were coldness and emptiness and hypocrisy. But here were diamonds in the rough, and being a lady, she knew a diamond when she saw one! Wonderful trophies stood ready in their shirt-sleeves—yes, in their shirt-sleeves—to speak up in front of all their old mates! She spoke out bravely for them, championing their cause and hers against the unfair critics. She was ever defending the right and opposing the wrong. Ah, it is a sweet picture I have of her in my mind, while I tell you this little Christian Mission story.

Whether in broadcloth or moleskin (there was more moleskin than broadcloth), all the Converts were on a footing, and would let their light shine for Jesus. Sometimes there would be much zeal and little wisdom, but that was better than a lot of wisdom with a little zeal! Still, it was all right, and even if the roughs would poke fun at the provincial trophy who ever and anon ejaculated, "Bless the Lord!" well, they knew what he meant; and what is more, they respected and even feared him for the godly life he lived before them.

We were, as we used to say, "a happy lot of people," and we were a serious lot of people, too. We met in different houses, not to chatter about nothing in particular, but to pray for the Salvation of souls, and to help strengthen each other in the faith. There would be about a dozen present as a rule, and stirring times we had not only there but in the big gatherings. Amid all the racket and noise of those rowdy Meetings in the Halls, some of The General's old friends would come in, especially if The General or Mrs. Booth were leading, and they would praise God for the strange and wonderful work of redemption they saw.

We Used to Call Him "Mr. Bramwell." Mr. Bramwell, as we called the present General, was very much with us even in those far-off days of old.

"How is So-and-So getting on?" he inquired of two of the workers while he walked arm in arm along the road with them.

"He's all right, Mr. Bramwell," was the answer, "but he needs a lot of nursing."

"Is he worth nursing?" was the quick retort.

"Yes, Oh, yes!"

"Well, nurse him up, nurse him up," was the decided answer, and he saw to it that he was nursed.

Many of the Converts, however, did not require much nursing. They soon learned to "stand up for Jesus," as we used to sing. It was not all easy work for them, nor were the crowds all big ones. I have stood in company with Evangelist Rothwell (afterwards Colonel Rothwell), who is spending his Christmas in Heaven with all the host of our dear ones who have crossed the flood.

It was real fighting, and Evangelist Rothwell was all sparkle and wit when our opponents came along, and a little opposition to spice the Meeting with life served to draw a bigger crowd together to hear the Gospel message, just as John and I heard it when we were caught in the porch.

The Revelation of Christ Within

By COMMISSIONER SAMUEL BRENGLER, D.D.

I KNEW a man nearly forty years of age, educated, thoughtful, earnest, but without the knowledge of Christ in his heart. He took much offence at my own testimony, and for a year resisted me, and then meeting with another similar testimony, he came to me with great frankness and said, "In the mouth of two witnesses this thing is established. How can I get this revelation for myself?"

I explained as fully as I could the way, and I told him to seek God with all his heart in obedient faith. One night when I was free he came to me and asked me to go with him to a Meeting. I suggested going to The Salvation Army.

We took a front seat, and soon I heard him whispering to himself. Turning, I found him with his elbow on the seat behind him, his face in his hand, and with an upward look that was transfigured he was whispering to himself, "Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!" I rejoiced, for I was sure the great revelation had come, and in my heart I prayed for him.

Well do I remember that prayer. It was one of the simplest I had ever prayed, "O Lord, bless him so that he will never get over it in this world or the world to come!" After the Meeting began and an opportunity was given for testimonies he stood up and said, "No one can conceive what God has been doing for my soul in this last half-hour. Jesus Christ has come to me and revealed Himself within me!"

On the way home that night he praised God almost every step of the way. The next night he called upon me, and was still praising God. Every one who knew him remarked at the transformation that had taken place in his life, in his looks, in his words. Christ was revealed to him and within him, and through him.



"It was real fighting in those days"

us with a ticket containing a suitable text, and speak words of advice which we treasure in our hearts to-day. We were all very much alive, and always seemed to be busy disturbing the present. (More happy laughter.)

We were at Poplar when an Officer from Headquarters came down to know who were going to stand true when the Christian Mission was being transformed into The Salvation Army. It was a great change, and some were fixed and rigid in their ideas, and some who had even survived the shock of the Salvation Fair and similar daring innovations, felt that turning the Mission into an Army was the last straw to break the camel's back. Well, I asked the Lord about it, and it didn't break my back!

So, when names were asked for, in the words of the man in John Bunyan's book, I said, "Put down my name, sir. About this time Cadets—rather different from those of to-day—were introduced. Try to imagine the big, raw fellows. How vigorously they went at it, and how vigorously the roughs went at them!"

We needed all the courage we could command in the marches. On one occasion one of the sisters got her arm broken, and upon another the sister who carried the Flag was badly cut across the face, but she didn't even whimper.

What a fuss there was as one innovation after another came along! Our first cornet was a great humming nicker-to us. I am afraid that cornet helped to stir up opposition, but it brought the people along to hear the simple message of Salvation from sin.

It is well in this Centenary Year to remember how bravely The Army Mother stood to her guns in the days of old. She was a lady to her very finger-

"The Land whither thou goest . . . is a land which the Lord thy God careth for . . . from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."—Deut. 11: 10-12.